And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:
Sweete Yorke, ſweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like mee or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spur, poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere hee do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke,
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tel me of my vnthriftie ſonne?
Tis full three moneths ſince I did ſee him laſt;
If any plague hang ouer vs tis hee,
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongſt the Tauernes there,
For there they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our paſſengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to ſupport ſo diſſolute a crew.
H. Percie My Lord, ſome two daies ſince I ſaw the prince,
And told him of thoſe triumphs held at Oxford.
King And what ſaide the gallant?
Percie His anſwere was, he would to the ſtewes,
And from the commoneſt creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.
King H. As diſſolute as deſperate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (ſo wildly.
King H. What meanes our cooſin that he ſtares and looks
Aum. God ſaue your grace, I do beſeech your maieſtie,
To haue ſome conference with your grace alone.

King